WILLIE AND HIS PAPA

And the Rest of the Family

By F. Opper

FROM THE N.Y. EVENING JOURNAL
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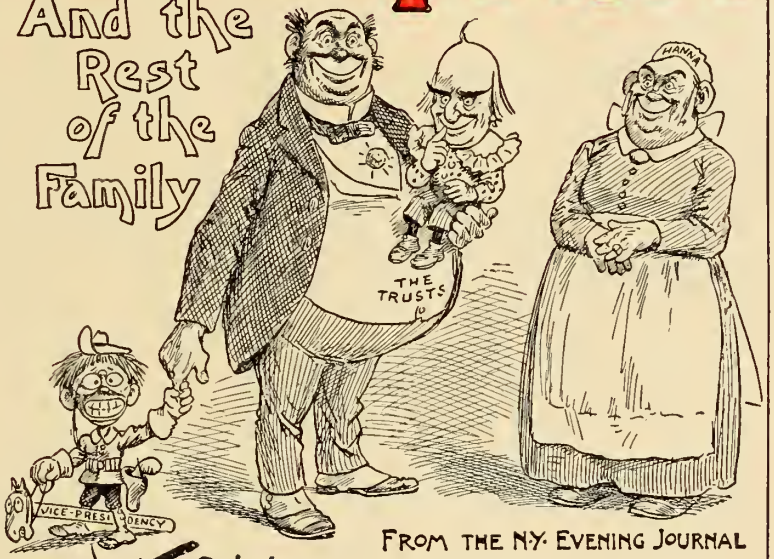

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ARTHUR BRISBANE

BY HIS FRIEND

FREDERICK BURR OPPER

PREFATORY NOTE

IT will not, I hope, be unbecoming to say, here, that the great favor with which these pictures have been received, in this country and in England, has, naturally, given me much pleasure; and this pleasure is all the greater from the abundant evidence I have had that the doings of Willie and his Papa, and Teddy, and Johnny Hay, and that Pauncefote Boy, and their other friends and familiars have amused Republicans and Democrats alike, and (what is perhaps, stranger, in the case of political cartoons) their womenfolks and children, too.

To Mr. Hearst, whose papers, the *New York Evening Journal*, the *Chicago American*, and the *San Francisco Examiner*, have given my pictures their wide circulation, to my fellow-workers for their friendly encouragement, and to the writers of the many pleasant letters I have received about these drawings, I wish to express my thanks and gratitude.

FREDERICK BURR OPPER.

"Whose 'ittle boy is oo?"
"I's oor 'ittle boy!"

"If Willie is a good boy, and minds Papa and Nursie, they will try to let him keep the pretty house until he is eight years old."

"See what a lot of money Papa is going to put in Willie's bank, if Willie is good and obedient."

"What have you got those funny clothes on for, Papa?"

"I'm getting ready to pose as the Workingman's Friend during the campaign, Willie."

"Papa, are these stories true that Nursie is telling me?"

"Never mind whether they're true or not, Willie; you just keep on believing them!"

"Yes, Willie, he is for you. Nursie and I have trained him."

"Yes, Willie, here is a nice little boy nursie and I have found to play with you. Treat him kindly, as he is very timid and retiring."

"Don't be afraid, Willie. Papa can hold you and Teddy up; Papa is very strong."

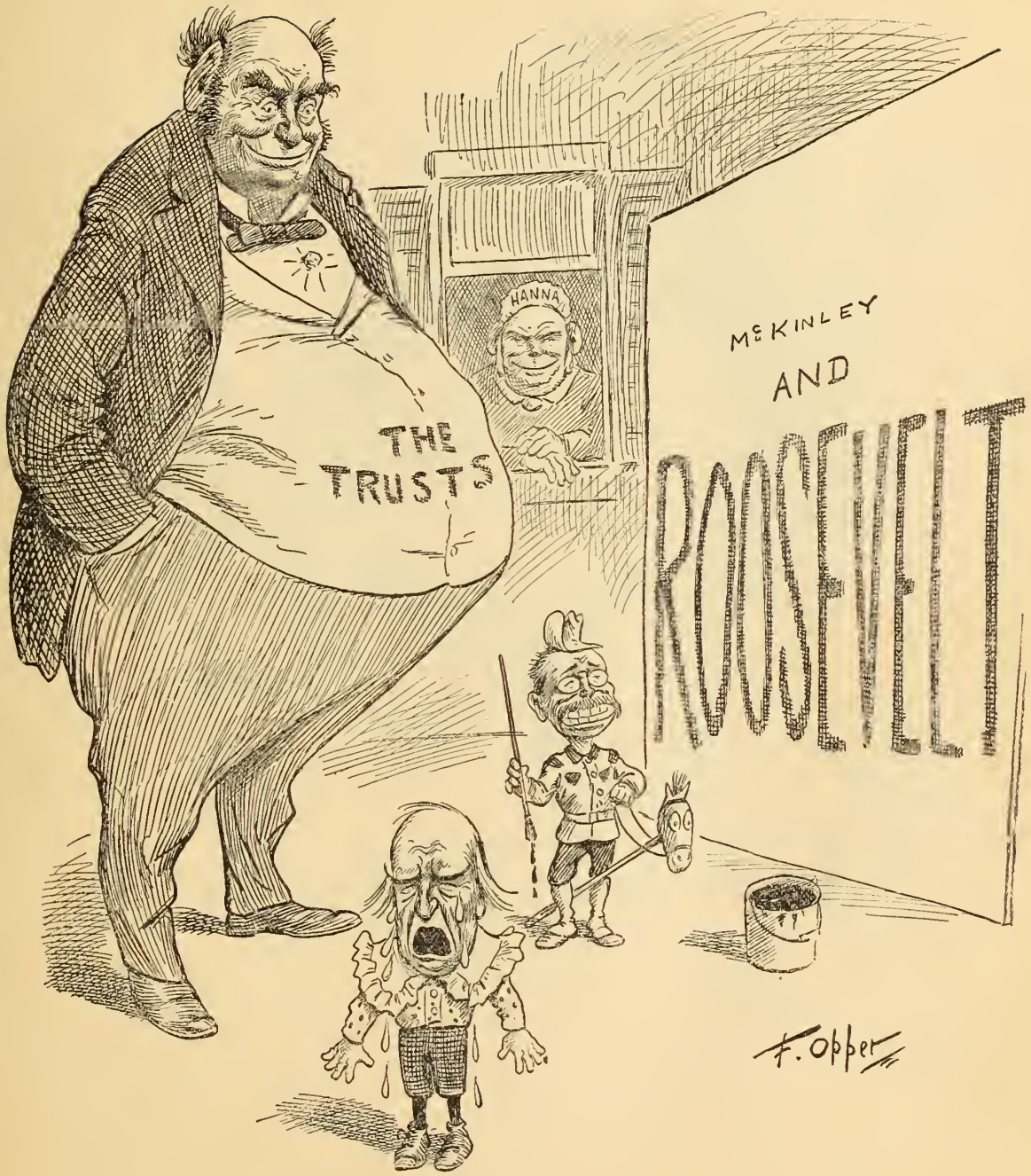
"What's the matter, Willie?"

"Boo-hoo! Teddy and I are playing Parade, and he wants to be at the head, and make me carry the water pail."

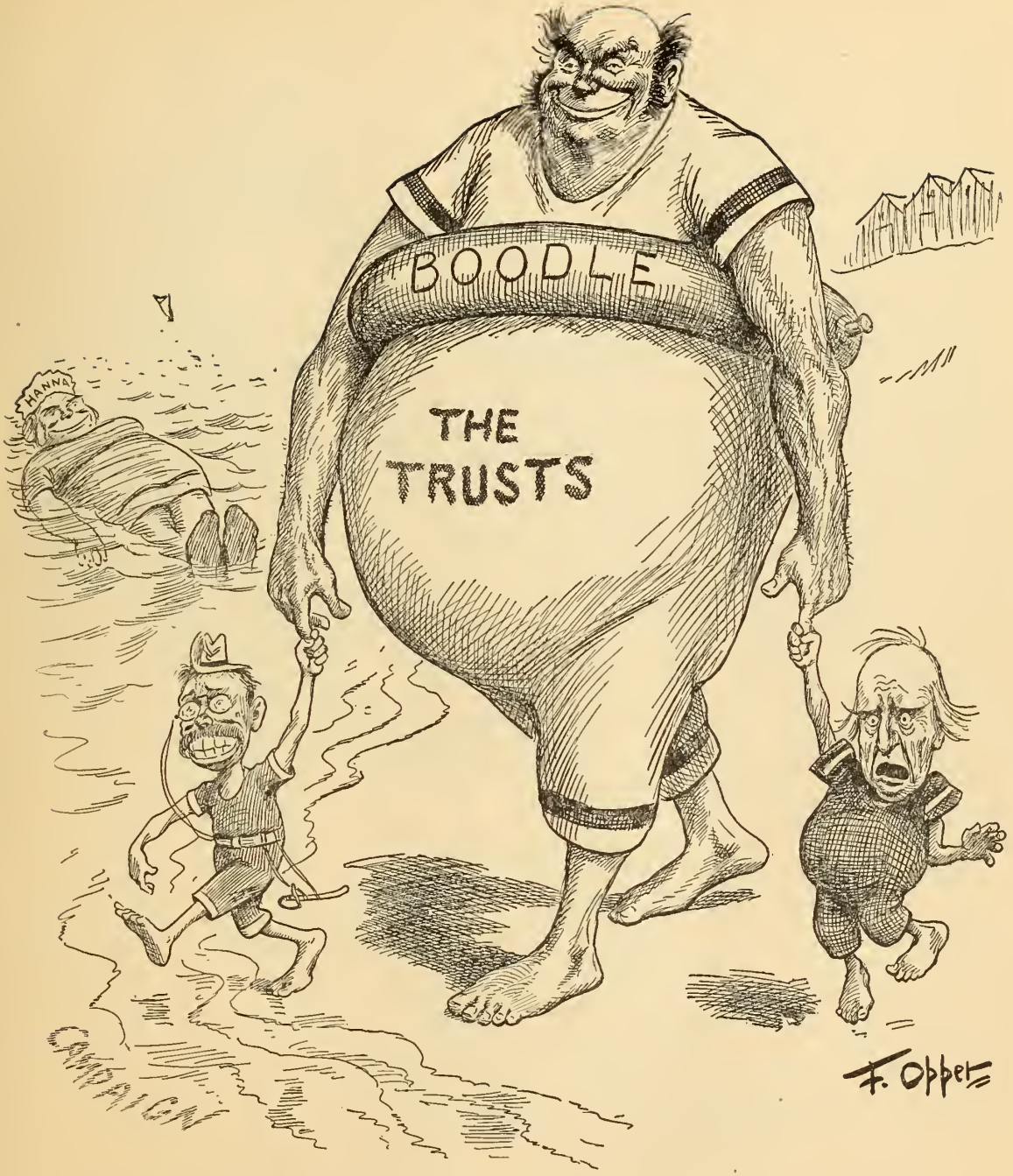
"Now, Willie, you and Teddy can have a nice game of peek-a-boo. Papa likes to see little boys enjoy themselves."

"Yes, Willie, you and Teddy must go to Nursie and get your bath. Nursie knows all about using soap."

"What's wrong, Willie?"
"Teddy's making me play 'San Juan Hill' with him, and I'm the Hill."



"What ails you, Willie?"
"Look at that campaign banner that Teddy has painted!"



"Don't be frightened, Willie. Papa will look out for you and Teddy. See what a big life preserver Papa's got."

"What are you crying about now, Willie?"

"Little Johnny Hay and I are playing imperialism, and Billy Bryan, next door, is squirting water on us."

"That's right, Willie; you and Teddy must always keep step to Papa's fiddle!"

"Don't make any noise, Willie. Poor Teddy is very ill. He is suffering from the disease known as 'limberjaw,' caused by talking too much."

"Yes, Willie, Nursie has had to sit on Teddy. He has been making altogether too much noise lately."

"Papa, Papa, make Teddy stop! He's playing I'm a Spaniard, and he's shooting me in the back with his popgun."

"Why, Willie, what are you doing?"
"I'm playing I'm a Tax Collector, and Teddy is dodging me."

"Yes, Willie, this is a rubber toy to amuse you and Teddy. It represents the Working Classes. See how Papa pulls its leg."

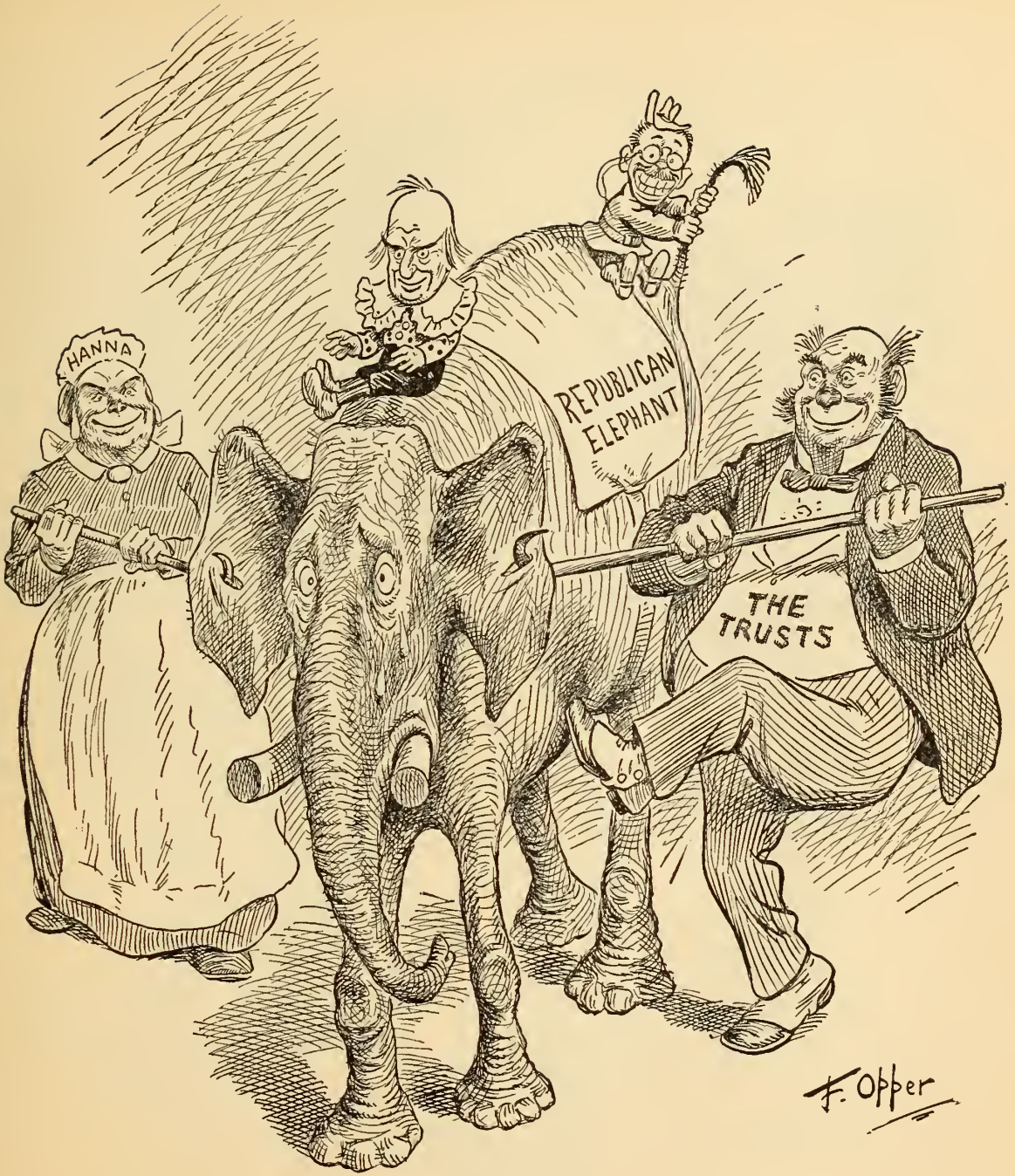
"Well, well, Willie; what is it this time?"

"We're playing Republican Minstrels, and Teddy wants to be the two End Men and the Middleman, too!"

"WHAT'S DISTRESSING YOU NOW, WILLIE?"

"THAT PAUNCEFOTE BOY HAS BUNCOED ME OUT OF A BIG PIECE OF MY CAKE, AND NOW HE'S LAUGHING AT ME."

"Yes, Willie, it's good exercise for you and Teddy to pull Papa in your little wagon; and Papa enjoys it, too."



"YES, WILLIE, THE ELEPHANT IS PERFECTLY TAME. NURSIE AND I HAVE GOT HIM COMPLETELY SUBJUGATED."

"Yes, Willie, Papa was out walking, and that coarse, rude Billy Bryan threw rocks at him. He hurt poor Papa awfully."

"Yes, Willie, Nursie has to suppress Teddy when his rich uncle is visiting us. He says too many foolish things."

"Yes, Willie, you and Teddy needn't worry. Nursie will be back soon. She is only going out to do some shopping. Papa has given her a little pin money."

"Yes, Willie, that was only one of the common people we ran over back there. He doesn't count."

"See, Nursie, what a good joke Willie has just written about me. I declare, that boy is a humorist. He's almost as funny as Teddy."

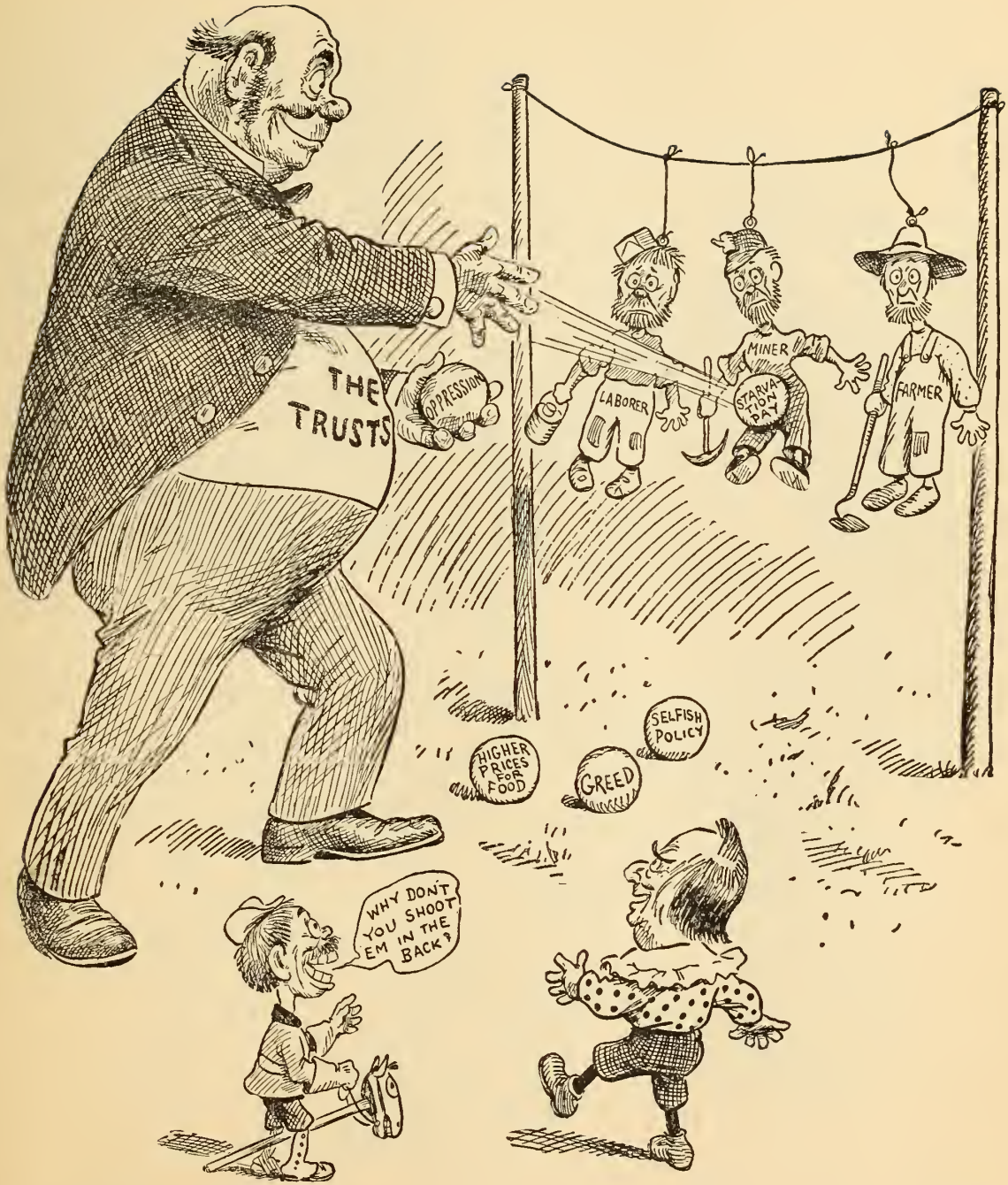
"Yes, Willie, we'll have a rehearsal of Imperialism for your children's masquerade party. You'll be His Majesty, Nursie will be the Queen Regent, Teddy will be the Master of the Horse, Johnny Hay will be the Chief Flunkey-in-Waiting, little Chauncey will be the Court Jester, and I'll be the Executioner."

"NURSIE, NURSIE, COME HERE, QUICK! POOR PAPA IS HAVING A TERRIBLE NIGHTMARE. HE'S DREAMING THAT BRYAN IS ELECTED."

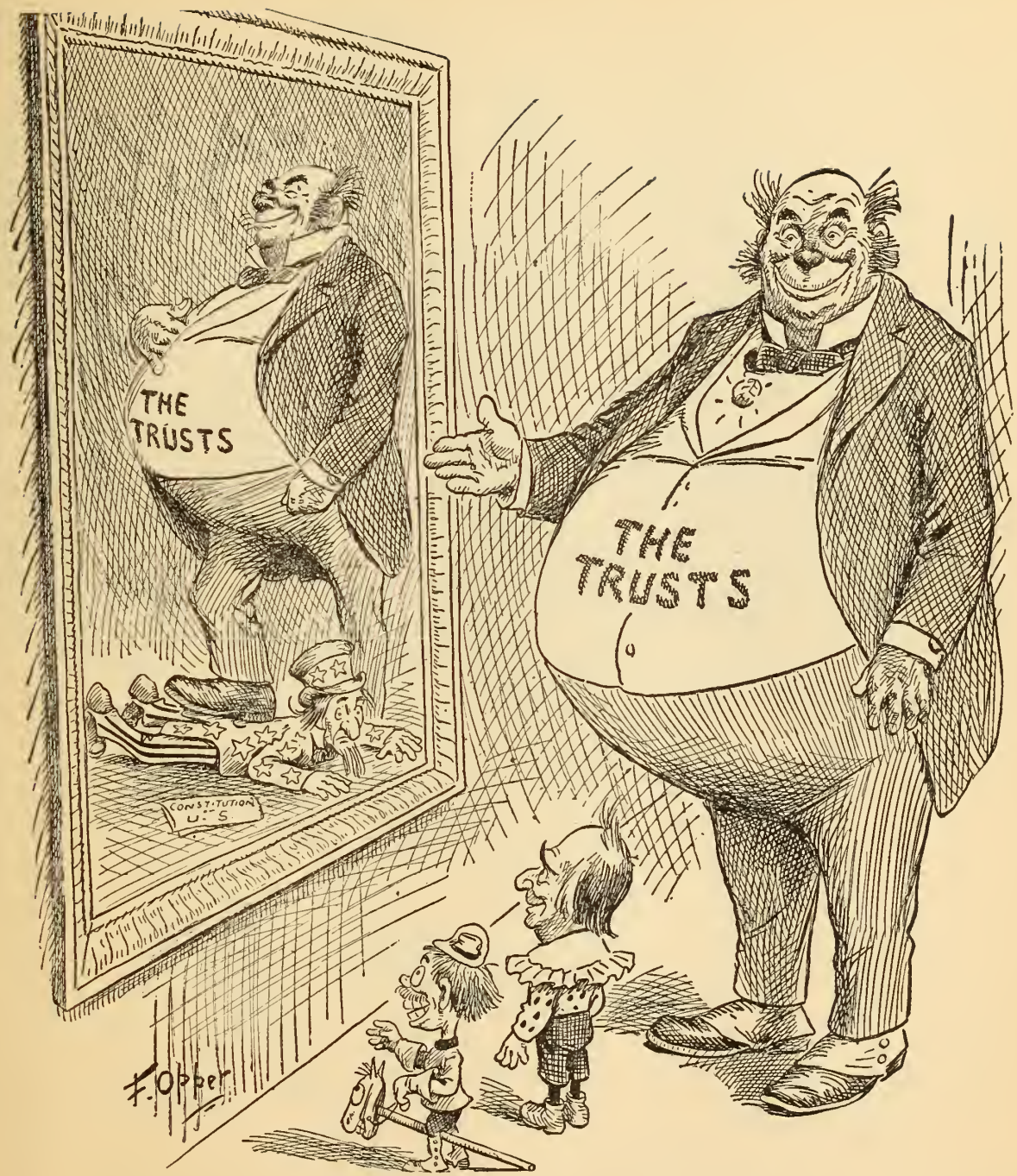
"Nursie, what's the matter with Papa?"
"He is apoplectic, Willie, on account of high living, and I've got to bleed him."

"For goodness sake, Willie, what are you yelling about now?"

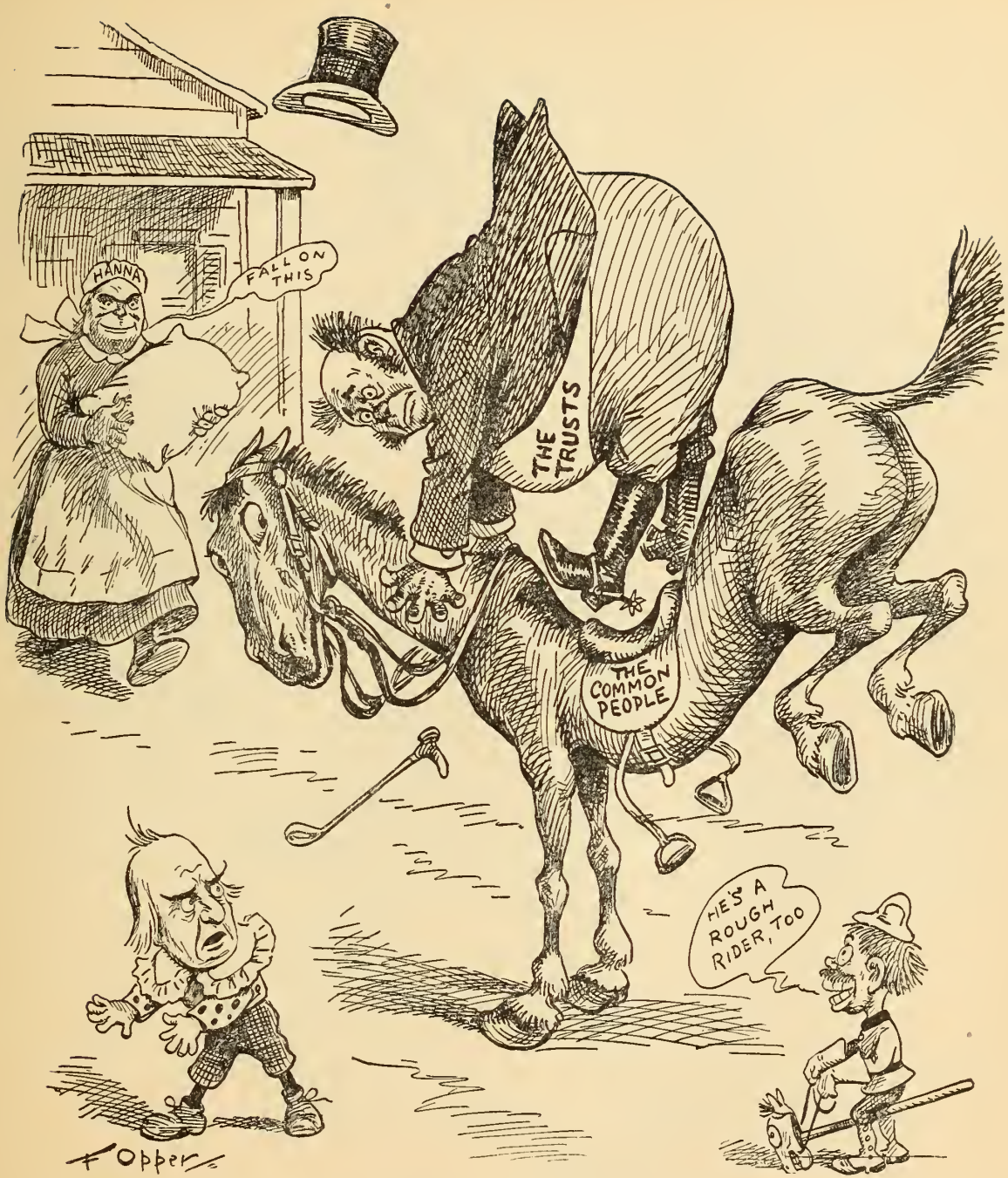
"We're playing Republican Politics, and Teddy is showing me what he did to the canal thieves."



"Yes, Willie, throwing at these little figures is Papa's favorite amusement. Watch Papa soak 'em."



"Yes, Willie, it's a portrait of Papa, as Papa will appear before long, if the election goes the way Papa hopes."



"Yes, Willie, Papa's saddle horse is very cantankerous lately. I'm afraid he won't let Papa ride him much longer."

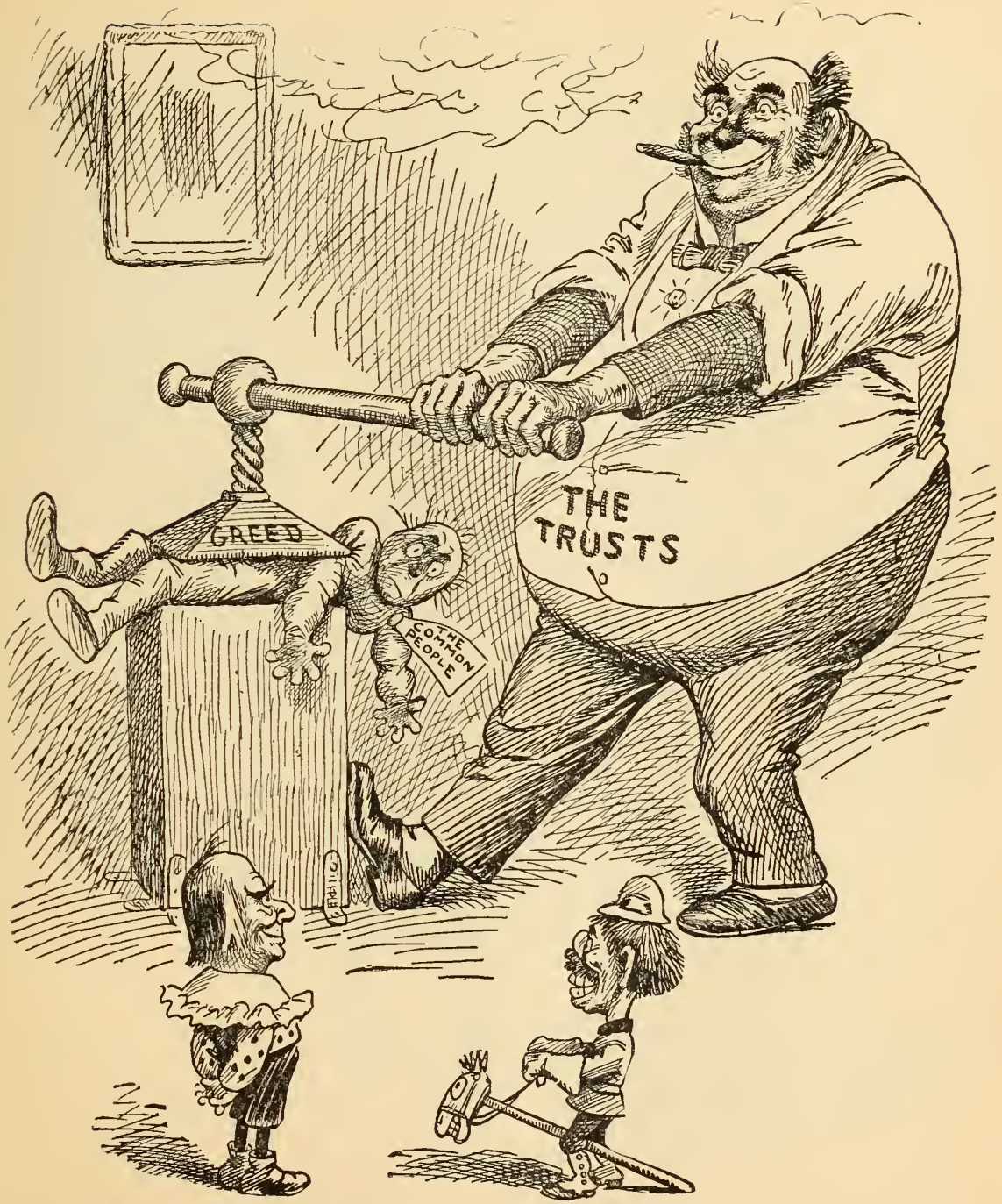
"Yes, Willie, Nursie is the greatest burlesque stump speaker in the country. She is going to challenge all comers to a joint debate."

"Yes, Willie, this is the way the Romans treated the common people. Papa is going to introduce the system into this country, if the election goes the way Papa wants it to."

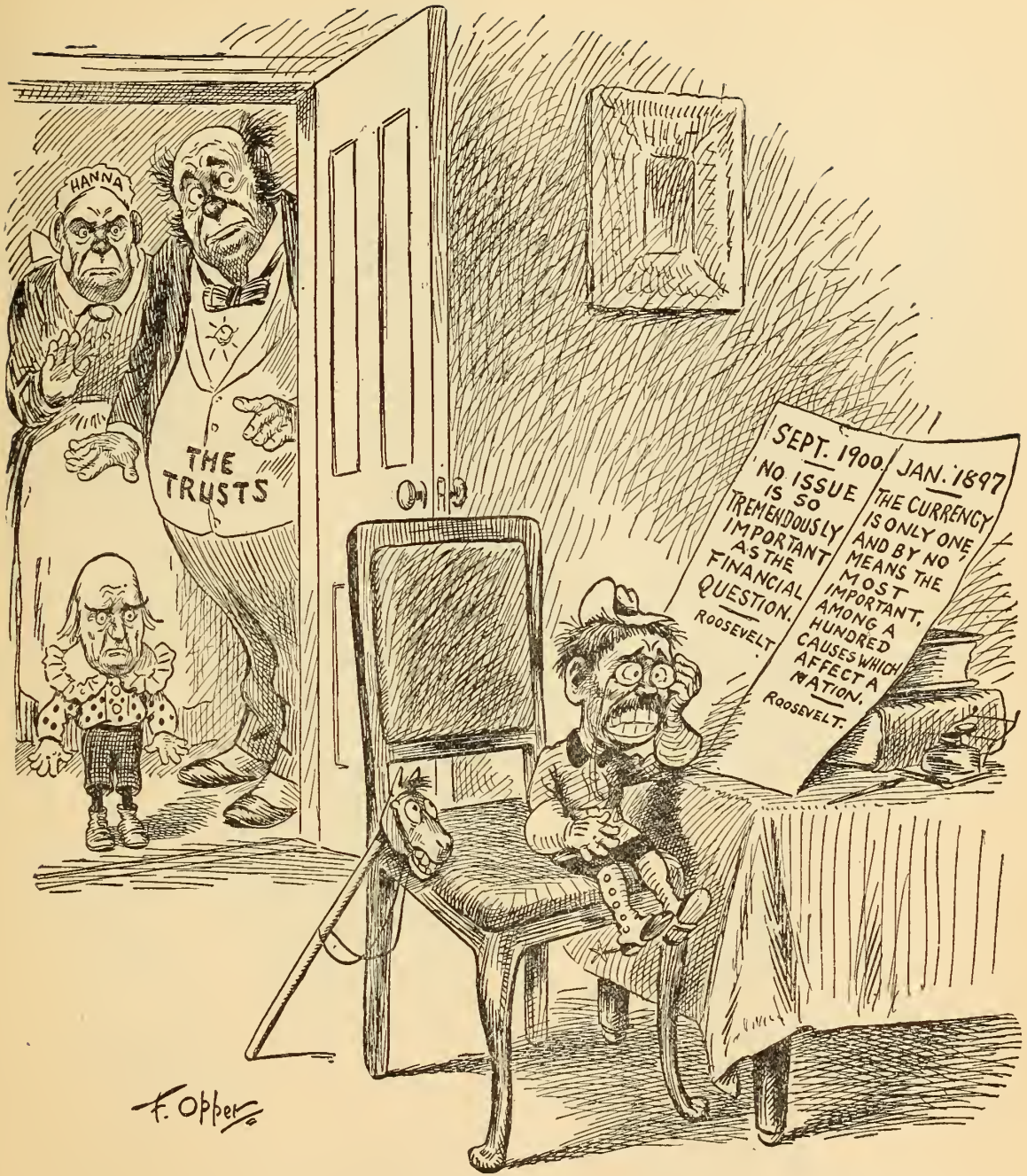
"Yes, Willie, Nursie and I are filling up a Full Dinner Pail, for campaign purposes, to catch the workingman. We think he is easy."

"YES, WILLIE, WE WILL HAVE A LITTLE DRILL IN MILITARISM. PAPA IS GOING TO HAVE A LARGE STANDING ARMY, IF THE ELECTION GOES AS PAPA HOPES. PAPA NEEDS IT IN HIS BUSINESS. 'TEN-SHUN!'"

"Run for the doctor, Willie! Nursie has been seized by that terrible disease called 'Limberjaw,' that Teddy suffers from. It makes people have an uncontrollable desire to say foolish things."



"YES, WILLIE, THIS IS PAPA'S EXERCISING MACHINE. PAPA CAN TWIST IT TO BEAT THE BAND."



"Be as quiet as possible, Willie, poor Teddy is in great trouble. He's trying to think of some way of harmonizing his different Financial Opinions."

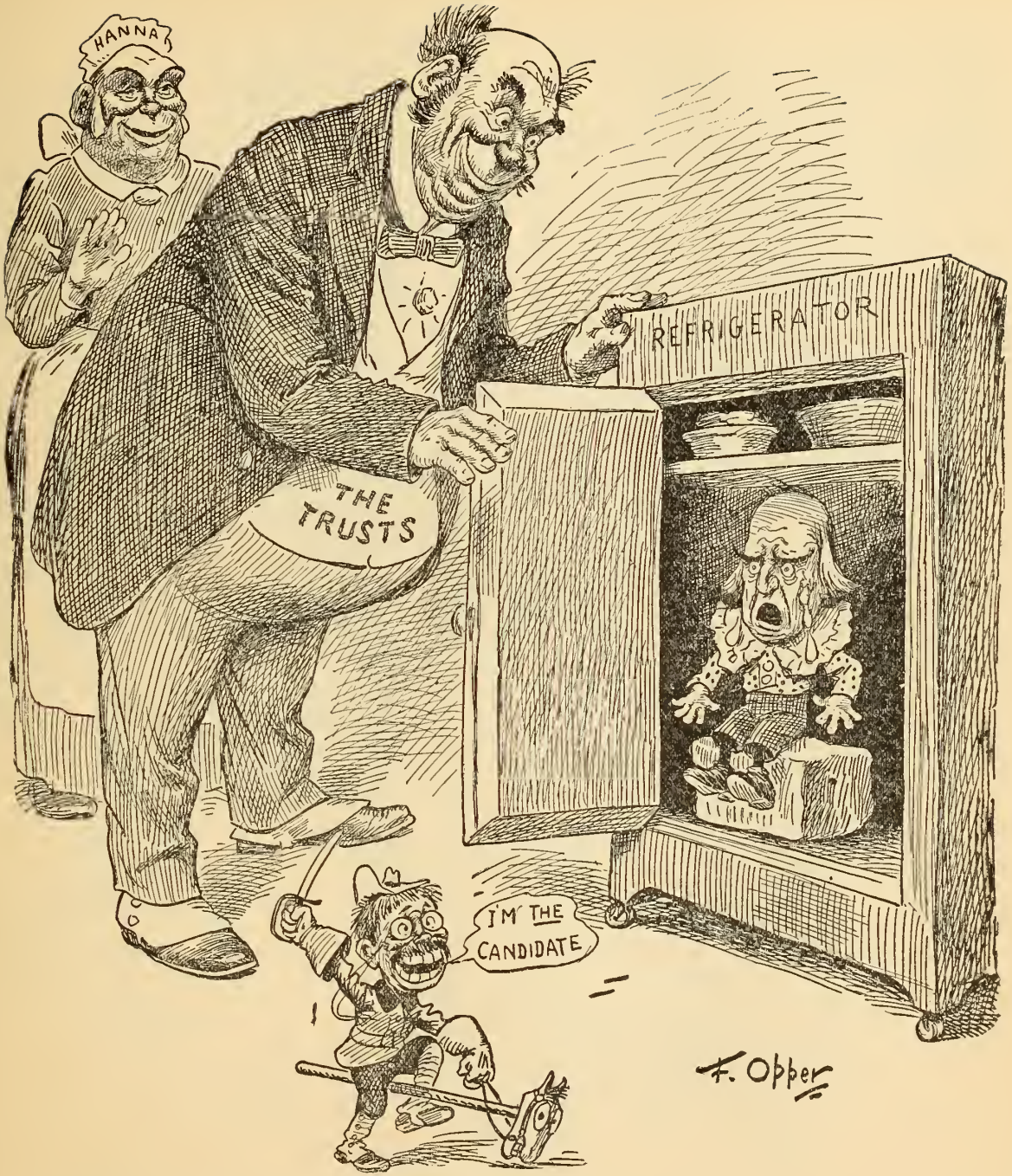
"What have you got on those spectacles and false whiskers for, Papa?"

"Papa has got to disguise himself as a harmless old gentleman, Willie, to fool the Common People during the campaign. They call Papa 'Honest Old Si' down town."

"Goodness me, Willie, what ails you this time?"

"We're playing Republican Campaign Trip, and Teddy's making all the speeches from the rear platform, and he says I'm merely a brakeman."

"I DECLARE, WILLIE, I SHALL DIE LAUGHING AT THE FUNNY JOKES THAT BOY CHAUNCEY GETS OFF. HERE'S A PENNY FOR YOU, CHAUNCEY!"



"What on earth are you doing in there, Willie?"
"Teddy put me in. He says it's the best place for me during the campaign."

"WHAT IS THE CAUSE OF THIS UPROAR, WILLIE?"

"TEDDY IS SHOWING HOW HE WILL PRESIDE OVER THE SENATE IF HE GETS IN. I'M THE SENATE!"

"Yes, Willie, Nursie's parrot is a wonderful bird. He talks just like Nursie."

"YES, WILLIE, POOR TEDDY IS HAVING TROUBLE WITH HIS VOICE, AND WE FEAR HE WON'T BE ABLE TO TALK AS MUCH AS USUAL FOR A WHILE. NURSIE FEELS VERY BADLY ABOUT IT."

"Yes, Willie, these little boys are going to march for you. They haven't got a thing but money. Three cheers for 'em! Hip—hip—hooray!"

"Papa, Papa, Teddy's got some kind of a fit. He thinks he is being attacked by bloodthirsty mobs."

"Crying again, Willie? What is it now?"
"Teddy isn't satisfied with riding his horse; he wants to ride the Elephant, too."

"Why, Willie, you seem angry. What is irritating you?"
"Teddy is getting up a 'Hall of Fame,' and I ain't in it."

"Yes, Willie, this is the new suit Papa expects to wear. There won't be any Uncle Sam but Papa, when Papa has grabbed the whole country."

"Another crying spell, Willie? What is the latest trouble?"

"Look at that chair Teddy has made! He says it's the correct model for a Presidential Chair!"

"What the Dickens are you howling about now, Willie?"

"Teddy paid those two boys five cents apiece to mob him, so he could show how brave he is. I want to be mobbed, too!"

"What's going on here, Willie? Teddy seems to be mad about something."
"Well, he needn't think I'm going to let him do ALL the blowing!"

"Yes, Willie, we are going to rehearse our Republican Campaign Play. Nursie will be the Good Fairy with the Magic Wand, I'll be the Nice Old Gentleman who gives away Full Dinner Pails, Teddy will be the Fearless Knight, and—let's see, Willie, you can be one of the trees in the background."

"What is Teddy doing to you now, Willie?"
"We're playing Republican Employer and Employe. I'm the Employe."

"I DON'T KNOW WHAT WE SHALL DO, WILLIE, IF NURSIE KEEPS ON GROWING. SHE IS GETTING TO BE THE WHOLE THING."

"Now, Willie, we will practice our Republican Uncle Tom's Cabin Show. I'll be the Overseer, Nursie will be Little Eva, Teddy will be Topsy, and you'll be Uncle Tom."

"What is distressing you now, Willie?"

"Teddy is giving a play. He's the star and the whole company, and he's making me be the bill-board."

"What's the matter, Willie? You seem to be slightly perturbed."

"I'm afraid of those boys Teddy is playing with. He says he'll have them shoot me in the back if I don't keep quiet."

"YES, WILLIE, WE MUST HURRY UP AND DIG THIS CYCLONE CELLAR; THERE'S A BIG STORM COMING."

"Yes, Willie, you and Teddy must sit still and listen to Nursie's Fairy Story. Nursie is great on Fairy Stories."

"Now, Willie, we will give our great Republican imitation of a Circus Side Show. I'll be the Fat Gentleman, Nursie will be the Ticket Taker, Teddy will be the Wild Man of Borneo, little Nathan Scott will be the Living Bad Break, and—er—Willie, you can be the Urbane Attendant who sweeps out the sawdust."

"Yes, Willie, here comes Johnny Hay and that Pauncefote boy, with their treaty. We will now sing 'Rule Britannia.' Teddy, you run out and play with your horsie in the yard. You don't understand English court ceremonials."

"What's that mournful, wailing noise out in the yard, Willie?"

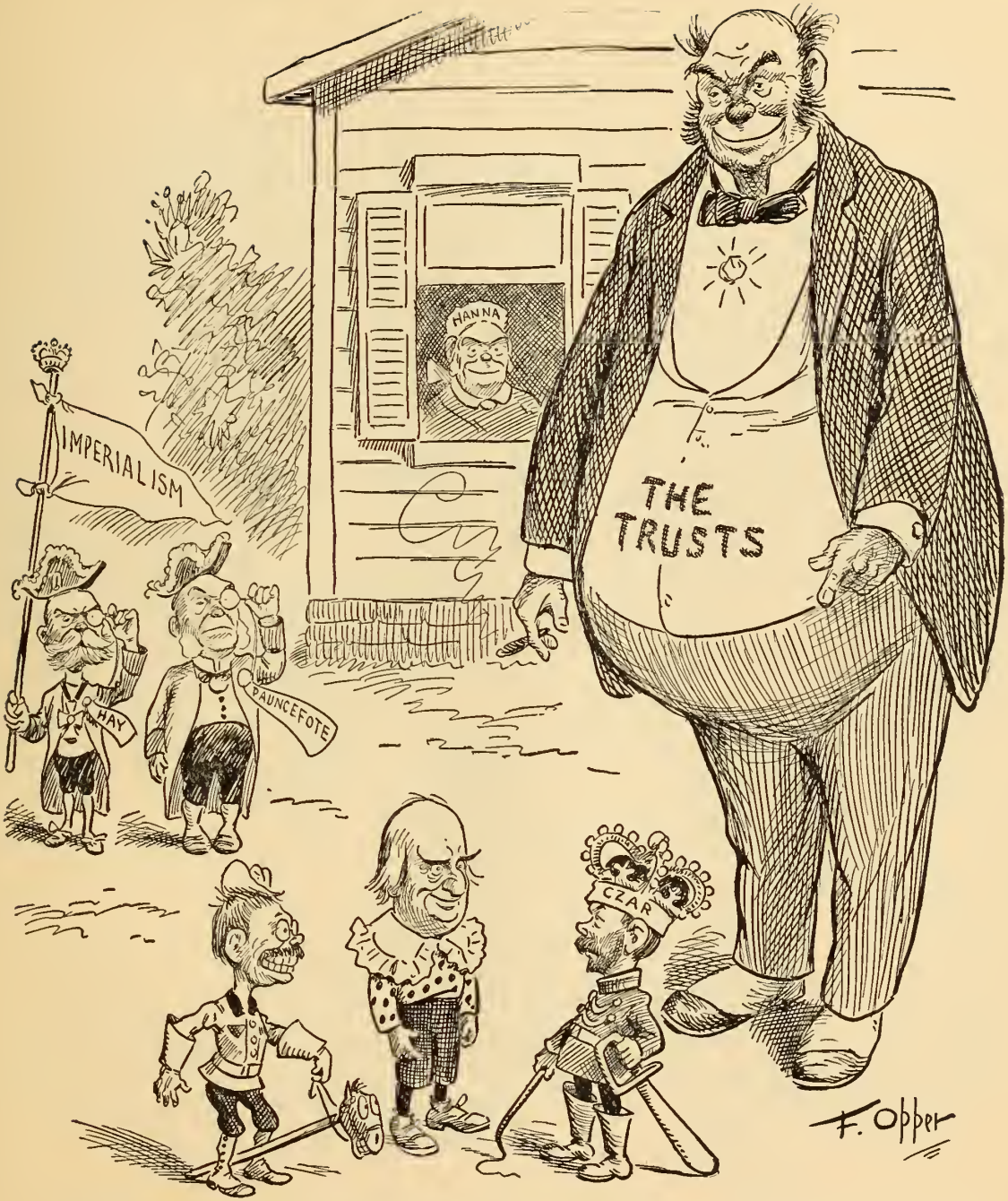
"It's Johnny Hay and that Pauncefote boy. They're afraid their treaty isn't going through."

PAPA—"What's the matter, Willie?"
WILLIE—"Come, quick; Johnny Hay's in trouble."

"Yes, Willie, this is the Official Order of Precedence during the next four years. Johnny Hay and that Pauncefote boy have approved it, and they know all about Court Etiquette."

"What are you and Teddy laughing about, Willie?"

"Johnny Hay found a nickel, and he doesn't know what it is. He only understands pounds, shillings, and pence. He says he wants to be sent back to dear old London."



"Willie, you and Teddy will have to stop associating with Johnny Hay and that Pauncefote boy until after election. They are altogether too English. Here's another crowned head for you to play with."

"What's going on here, Willie?"

"Johnny Hay expects to go back to dear old London soon, and he's packing his things. That Pauncefote boy is helping him."

"You'll have to keep quiet, Teddy, or leave the room. Willie has the floor at present."

"What's the trouble at the present moment, Willie?"

"Teddy is trying on my shoes. He says they'll fit him like the paper on the wall!"

"Yes, Willie, we will seat Teddy at a side table until further notice. He has had an idea that he is the Whole Thing, and now that the campaign is over, it is time to put him in his proper place."

"Yes, Willie, it is rumored that the Prince of Wales is coming over here next year, and we must take some lessons in Court Manners from Johnny Hay. This won't interest you, Teddy; you haven't got any manners, anyway."

"What's Johnny Hay doing there, Willie?"

"He's painting a portrait of Uncle Sam as he'd like to see him. He says he's going to send it to the English Royal Academy exhibition."

"Yes, Willie, Nursie is coming out as a society leader in Washington, and Johnny Hay is giving us some lessons in Correct English Deportment. Don't fall over your coat-tails, Teddy; I'm afraid you won't do for these Swagger Functions."

"Who's that knocking, Willie?"

"It's Teddy."

"Tell him this is our busy day. We haven't got as much time for him as we had before election."

"Yes, Willie, we are interested in the Ship Subsidy Bill, so we will give a little performance of 'Pinafore.' Nursie will be Little Buttercup, I'll be Dick Deadeye, you'll be the Admiral, and as Teddy doesn't cut much ice at present, he can be a midshipmite."

"Yes, Willie, Papa likes to have those little boys come in to play with you. They are being brought up exactly according to Papa's ideas; and, see! Santa Claus has given them all the railroads in the market. Always act according to Papa's ideas, Willie, and you'll get everything in sight!"

"What is causing that expression of settled gloom on Teddy's face, Willie?"
"I'm playing I'm Napoleon and he's the Aiglon, and he don't like it."

"Yes, Willie, Papa is preparing for his great fight with Andy Carnegie for the heavyweight steel championship. You'd better go into the other room; this strenuous life isn't in your line. Fan harder, Teddy!"

"What's the row here, Willie?"

"Teddy is going out to Meeker, Colorado, next week to shoot mountain lions, and he's practicing a little beforehand."

"Yes, Willie, Teddy has just sent us the skin of a mountain lion he killed in Colorado. You will notice that every shot took effect. He is going to call his next book 'Wild Animals That Have Met Me."

"What's Willie doing there?"

"Oh, he's jealous of Teddy's hunting exploits and he's trying to imitate him. I hope the old cat won't scratch him."

"YES, WILLIE, TEDDY HAS SENT US THIS FINE PHOTOGRAPH OF HIMSELF AS HE APPEARS WHILE HUNTING THE FEROCIOUS DENIZENS OF THE FOREST SINGLE-HANDED. HE IS GOING TO USE IT AS THE FRONTISPIECE OF HIS NEXT BOOK, 'ME AND MY GUN.'"

"YES, WILLIE, THAT IS A GREAT CURIOSITY; WE'LL GO IN AND LOOK AT IT. I GUESS TEDDY WILL BE HOME SOON, NOW."

"Yes, Willie, Papa is a better hunter than Teddy. Teddy kills game and takes their skins, but Papa doesn't kill them; he merely skins them, and then lets them go, to grow more skins, and then he skins them again. Teddy has lots to learn, Willie."

"Papa, Papa, that Harrison boy and that Twain boy are scolding me!"

"Don't mind them, Willie; they haven't got a good, kind Papa and a nice Nursie, to tell them what to do, as you have."